



Susan Farrell

a graduate conducting recital
convocation hall, u of a
february 3, 2010, 8:00 p.m.

Awake, Sleeping Hearts

Susan Farrell, Master of Music Candidate

Choral Conducting Graduate Recital

February 3, 2010, 8:00 p.m.

Convocation Hall, University of Alberta

Le Chant des Oyseaux

Clément Janequin (1485-1558)

Live with Me on Earth

Colin Labadie (b. 1984)

Jacques Arsenault, bass-baritone

Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

1. *Dieu! Qu'il la fait bon regarder*

2. *Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin*

Abra Whitney, contralto

3. *Vver! Vous n'êtes qu'un vilain*

Kimberley Taylor, soprano

Erin Hooper, contralto

Anthony Wynne, tenor

Matthew Knight, bass

I am the true vine

Arvo Pärt (b. 1935)

I Gondolieri

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Denis Arseneau, piano

Intermission

Ave Maria

Franz Biebl (1906-2001)

Matthew Ma, baritone

Gottes Zeit ist allerbeste Zeit, Cantata BWV 106

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Kimberley Taylor, soprano

Abra Whitney, contralto

Michael Lowings, tenor

Jacques Arsenault, bass-baritone

You are invited to join us for a reception in the Arts Lounge following the recital.

Recital Choir

Soprano:

Alesha Bogdan
Nevada Collins-Lee
Maria Conkey
Isabel Davis
Brynn MacDonald
Sonia Oppenheim
Meghan Rayment
Kimberley Taylor

Alto:

Irene Apanovitch
Ruth Brodersen
Mirjam Frank
Isabelle Gallant
Erin Hooper
Daria Storoshchuk
Abra Whitney

Tenor:

Christopher Anderson
Russell Ault
Adam Ferland
Sten Thomson
Anthony Wynne

Bass:

Jacques Arsenault
Jeremy Doody
Scott Garland
Matthew Knight
Colin Labadie
Matthew Ma

Instrumental Ensemble

Alto Recorder:

Vince Kelly
Jen Hoyer

Cello:

Kathleen DeCaen
Julian Savaryn

Continuo Organ:

Denis Arseneau

Bass:

Robyn Reekie

Le chant des oyseaux

Réveillez vous, coeurs endormis,
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.

À ce premier jour de mai
Oiseaux feront merveilles
Pour vous mettre hors d'esmay.
Déstouper vos oreilles.
Vous serez tous en joie mis.
Chacun s'y abandonne,
Car la saison est bonne.

Vous orrez, à mon avis,
Une douce musique,
Que fera le roi mauvis.
Le merle aussi l'étourneau sera parmi
D'une voix authentique:

Ti, ti, pyti, ti, chou, ti, thouy, chouti
Tu que dis tu?
Le petit sansonnet de Paris. Le petit
maignon.
Qu'est là bas, passe, villain.
Sainte tête Dieu!

Il est temps, d'aller boire.
Au sermon, ma maitresse,
À saint Troitin voir saint Robin,
Montrez le tétin, le doux musequin!
Guillemetter, Colinette, il est temps
d'aller boire.

Sus, ma dame, à la messe
Sainte Caquette qui caquette.
Le petit sansonnet de Paris,
Sage courtois et bien appris.
Rire et gaudir c'est mon devis;
Chacun s'y abandonne.

Rossignol du bois joli,
À qui la voix résonne,
Pour vous mettre hors d'ennui
Vôtre gorge jargonne.

Frian, teo, tu, coqui, oy, ty, trr,
tu, huit, teo, frian, tycun, turri, quibi.

The song of birds

Wake up, sleeping hearts,
For the god of love summons you!

On this first day of May
Birds will work wonders
To take away your troubles.
Listen attentively.
You will be filled with joy.
Everyone gives in to it,
For the season is good.

You will hear, I believe,
Sweet music
Sung by the royal thrush.
The blackbird and the starling will also come
together
In one, magisterial voice:

Ti, ti, pyti, ti, chou, ti, thouy, chouti
What are you saying?
The little starling of Paris. The little darling.
Who goes there? Sparrow, you villain!
Good heavens!

It's time to go to drinking.
Off to "Mass," mistress mine,
Let's take a walk to see "Saint Robin";
Show your tit, that cute little thing!
Guillemette, Colinette, it's time to go drink-
ing.

Off my lady! Off to the "Mass"
Of prattling Saint Cluck
Wise, courtly, and most learned.
To laugh and poke fun at myself is my intent;
Everyone gives in to it.

Nightingale from the lovely woods
In which the voice resounds,
You babble on and on
To relieve your sorrow.

Frian, teo, tu, coqui, oy, ty, trr,
tu, huit, teo, frian, tycun, turri, quibi.

*Tu, fouquet, fi, frian, fi, ti, trr, huit, tar, turri,
quibi. Huit, qui larra, fi, turri, turri, quibi.*

Fuiez, regrets, pleurs et souci,
Car la saison l'ordonne,
Car la saison est bonne.

Arrière, maître coucou,
Sortez de notr' chapitre;
Chacun vous est maltenu,
Car vous n'êtes qu'un traître.
Coqu, par traison, en chacun nid
Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.
Réveillez vous, coeurs endormis,
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.

*Tu, fouquet, fi, frian, fi, ti, trr, huit, tar, turri,
quibi. Huit, qui larra, fi, turri, turri, quibi.*

Away with regrets, tears, and cares,
For the season commands it,
For the season is good.

Away with you, master cuckoo,
Leave our assembly;
You have mistreated everyone,
For you are nothing but a traitor,
You deceitfully cuckold every nest,
Laying eggs that no one requests of you.
Wake up, sleeping hearts,
For the god of love summons you!

Live with Me on Earth Under the Invisible Daylight Moon

by Milton Acorn (From *The Island*)

Live with me on Earth among red berries and the bluebirds
And leafy young twigs whispering
Within such little spaces, between such floors of green, such figures in the clouds
That two of us could fill our lives with delicate wanting:

Where stars past the spruce copse mingle with fireflies
Or the dayscape flings a thousand tones of light back at the sun—
Be any of the colours of an Earth lover;
Walk with me and sometimes cover your shadow with mine.

Trois chansons de Charles d'Orléans

1.
Refrain:
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle!

Pour les grands biens que sont en elle,
Chacun est prêt de la louer.
Qui se pourrait d'elle lasser?
Toujours sa beauté renouvelle.

Par de ça, ne de là, la mer
Ne sais dame ni damoiselle
Qui soit en tous bien parfaits telle.
C'est un songe que d'y penser:

Dear God, how good it is to look at her,
With her kindness, beauty, and grace of
spirit!

All are poised to sing her praises
For the magnificent goodness within her.
Who could possibly tire of her?
Her beauty renews itself constantly.

On neither side of the sea
Do I know a lady or damsel
So perfect in every respect.
It is a dream to think of her:

2.

Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin
Sonner, pour s'en aller au mai,

En mon lit n'en ai fait affrai
Ne levé mon chef du coissin;
En disant: il est trop matin,
Un peu je me rendormirai.

Jeunes gens partent leur butin;
De Nonchaloir m'acointeray
À lui je m'abutineray
Trouvé l'ai plus prochain voisin.

3.

Yver, vous n'êtes qu'un vilain
Été est plaisant et gentil
En témoin de mai et d'avril
Qui l'accompagnent soir et main.

Été revet champs, bois et fleurs
De sa livrée de verdure
Et de maintes autres couleurs
Par l'ordonnance de nature.

Mais vous, Hiver, trop êtes plein
De neige, vent, pluie et grézil.
On vous doit banir en exil.
Sans point flatter je parle plein:
Hiver, vous n'êtes qu'un vilain!

When I heard the drum
Sound, calling people to go a-maying,

I neither stirred in my bed
Nor lifted my head from the pillow.
Instead, I yawned, "it's much too early;
I'll go back to sleep for a while."

Let the young people share their plunder,
I will become acquainted with indifference
And share myself with him;
I have found him to be my closest neighbor.

Winter, you are nothing but a villain;
Summer is pleasant and gentle,
As confirmed by May and April,
Who escort it evening and morning.

Summer clothes the fields, woods, and flowers
With its garb or greenery
And many other colours,
According to the laws of nature.

But you, Winter, are much too full
Of snow, wind, rain, and hail.
You should be banished into exile.
Without mincing words, I'll speak plainly;
Winter, you are nothing but a villain!

I am the true vine

from the Gospel according to St. John, Chapter 15, 1-14

1 I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3 Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

9 As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.
10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.
11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.
12 This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.
13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.
14 Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

I gondolieri

The Gondoliers

Voghiam sull' agil vela,
Bello risplende il cielo
La luna è senza velo,
Senza tempesta il mar.
Vogar, posar sul prato:
Al gondoliere è dato
Fra i beni il ben maggior.
Non cal se brilla il sole
O mesta appar la luna,
Ognor sulla laguna
Il gondoliere è re.

Let's row in our agile boat.
The fair sky is shining,
The moon is without veil, and
The sea is without storm.
Rowing or resting in the meadow—
To the gondolier is given
The greatest bliss of all.
No matter whether the sun is shining
Or the moon looks sad,
On the lagoon
The gondolier is king.

Ave Maria

Ave Maria, gratia plena:
Dominus tecum,
benedicta tu in mulieribus
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.

Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with thee.
blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,
ora pro nobis peccatoribus,
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners,
now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit, BWV 106

1. Sinfonia

2a. Chorus

Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit.
In ihm leben, weben und sind wir,
solange er will.
In ihm sterben wir zur rechten Zeit,
wenn er will.

God's time is the very best time.
In him we live, move, and have our being,
as long as he wills.
In him we die at the appointed time,
whenever he wills.

2b. Arioso (tenor)

Ach, Herr, lehre uns bedenken,
dass wir sterben müssen,
auf dass wir klug werden.

O Lord, teach us to ponder
the fact that we must die,
so that we may become wise.

2c. Aria (bass)

Bestelle dein Haus;
denn du wirst sterben
und nicht lebendig bleiben!

Set your house in order!
For you will die
and not remain alive.

2d. Chorus and Arioso (soprano)

Es ist der alte Bund:
Mensch, du musst sterben!
Ja, komm, Herr Jesu!

It is the old law:
mortal, you must perish!
Yes, come, Lord Jesus!

3a. Aria (alto)

In deine Hände befehl ich meinen Geist;
du hast mich erlöst, Herr,
du getreuer Gott.

Into your hands I commend my spirit;
you have redeemed me, Lord,
you faithful God.

3b. Arioso (bass) and Chorale

Heute, wirst du mit mir im Paradies sein.

Today you will be with me in Paradise.

Mit Fried und Freud ich fahr dahin
In Gottes Willen,
Getrost ist mir mein Herz und Sinn,
Sanft und stille.

In peace and joy I depart,
according to God's will;
my heart and mind are comforted,
calm, and still.

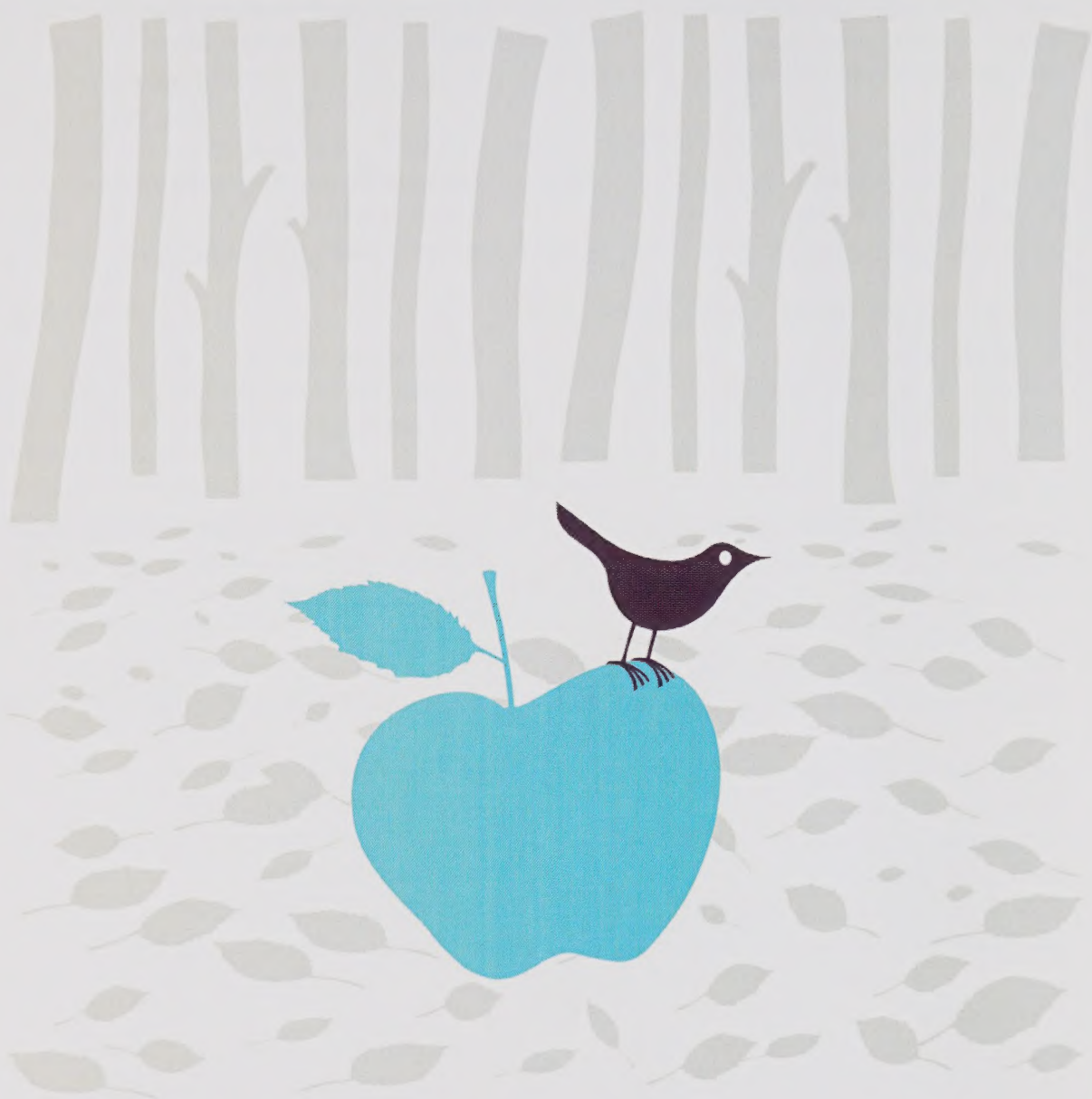
Wie Gott mir verheissen hat:
Der Tod ist mein Schlaf worden.

As God has promised me,
death has become my sleep.\

4. Chorus

Glorie, Lob, Ehr und Herrlichkeit
Sei dir, Gott Vater und Sohn bereit',
Dem Heiligen Geist mit Namen!
Die göttlich Kraft
Mach uns sieghaft
Durch Jesum Christum, Amen.

Glory, praise, honor, and majesty
be given to you, God the Father,
Son, and Holy Spirit with your power!
The divine strength
makes us victorious
through Jesus Christ, Amen



Many thanks to all who have helped make this recital possible—to my parents who love me enough to venture to Alberta in February; to Len who has been an invaluable resource and support; and to friends, roommates and fellow musicians who have made this process such a joy.



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www.music.ualberta.ca

Poster and Program Design by
Lukus D. Uhlman
lduhlman@mta.ca